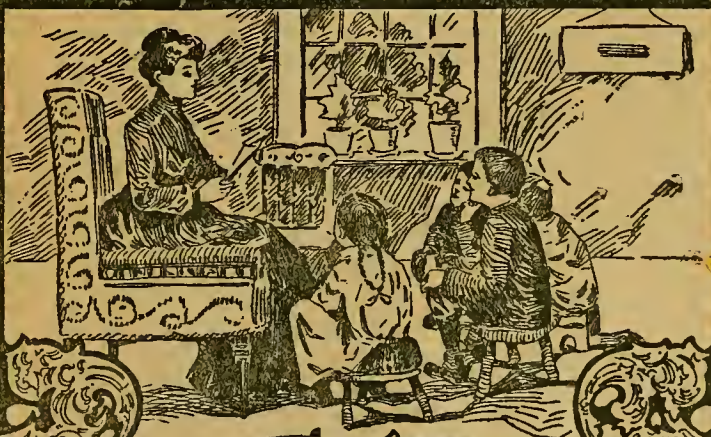


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PRESIDENT  
JOSEPH E.  
SMITH.  
EDITOR.

Vol. 40.

December 1, 1905.

No. 23.

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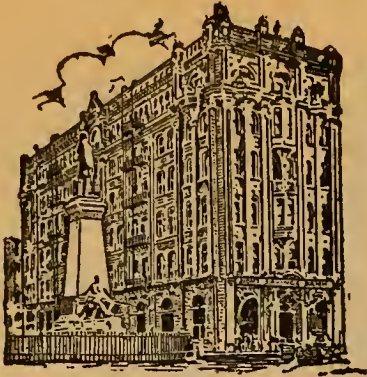
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VOL. XL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, DECEMBER 1, 1905.

No. 23

### THE CHURCH IN THE NETHERLANDS.

**W**E have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a picture of our missionary elders laboring in the Netherlands Mission as they appeared

at the conference held at Rotterdam on the 10th and 11th of last August.

The Netherlands Mission, which includes Holland and Belgium, is in a very



ELDERS AT THE ROTTERDAM CONFERENCE.



prosperous condition, and in no part of Europe are there more souls added to the Church, when we take into consideration the number of missionaries there, than in this land.

At the time of the conference the President of the European Mission, Elder Heber J. Grant, was visiting the Church

in the Netherlands, and he appears in the photograph, and with him President Jacob H. Trayner and all the elders but three, ministering in the field. Brother B. Morris Young, Jun., of Salt Lake City, now studying music in Brussels, may also be seen in the group.



### DRESDEN ART GALLERY AND GROSSER GARTEN.

**T**HE Dresden Picture Gallery is famed all over Europe. It occupies the first and second floors of the Museum, and is considered to rank with the Louvre in Paris, and some others. Much credit is due Augustus III for this, one of the finest collections of paintings in the world. In his day, the Sistine Madonna, noted as Raphael's masterpiece, with others of great value, were added, so that it practically reached its present celebrity in his time.

The Sistine Madonna is world-renowned, and brings visitors from every land. Raphael's conception of the face of the Virgin is like unto no other. It possesses a fascination. It is the only picture in a darkened room, seats arranged to be in the shadow, while the picture is in a shaded light, and has daily its thousands of admirers. It is a large altar picture. The Madonna, clothed in rich colors, artistically blended; the Child in her arms seems just emerging from the clouds. The drawn curtain reveals a background of angelic faces, unnumbered, which give it a fleeting appearance, and suggest that the unseen world is cognizant of the coming of the Child.

The expression of the Madonna's face is that of a maiden, possessing that un-

defined something that is so beautiful, yet impossible to describe. Only the faintest trace of motherhood is discernible, and perhaps that only revealed by the Child being in her arms. All the noble thoughts and graces are fully delineated, and before us is the grandest conception of the Madonna—so sweet and thoughtful, expressing unwitting grace and unaffected, beautiful, holy love.

In the room not the faintest sound is heard, save the soft, muffled footfall, as visitors come and go. Some remain in this silence for hours, enraptured, before this grand, exalted creation of genius.

Could the prelate and his cap but be lost sight of the painting might be perfect. The cupids with wings are to be admired, but in the picture seem out of place. The kneeling, womanly figure, alone, would suggest the worship designed to be expressed.

The Child possesses a charm seen in no other picture; not the facile, expressionless face of fat babyhood; but an infant-face of expression, natural, not overdrawn—a sleeping soul that must develop into a master mind in years to come; unawakened knowledge and power are shadowed there, depicted by the unerring hand of inspiration.

The art of all schools and periods, both

ancient and modern, is represented in this gallery. There is also genius in the way the pictures are arranged, not excelled by any other gallery.

A few of the other most celebrated pictures are the False Card Player, the

ment in all lands, Death of the Martyr Lorenzo, and Rembrandt, with his wife seated in his lap, painted by himself; also a very striking picture, Tribute Money, where Peter brought the tribute money to Christ. The Robbers of the



THE SISTINE MADONNA.

Creator, the Holy Cecilia, King Charles and Queen Henrietta of England and their Children, the Vestal Virgin, with a lamp in her hand, the Chocolate Maiden, used by chocolate firms for an advertise-

Forest is a strong panel picture, representing lions among the mountain fastnesses awaiting to devour their prey.

Many days could be profitably spent here among the productions of human





THE ART GALLERY.

genius, in the realms of love, poetry, glory and nature, and in all Europe there are no better paintings, save those of Florence and Rome, those of the Vatican excelling in the old school.

After seeing them all, the gallery at Dresden will arise as a pleasant memory.

The Grosser Garten, outside the Prince Gate, to the south-east of the town, is a royal park. It was first laid out in 1676; was subsequently enlarged, and covers now an area of about 375 acres.

In 1813 several sharp engagements took place here between the French and Prussians, Napoleon gaining a victory. Two broad avenues run at right angles. At their intersection is the Lust Schloss. The garden is embellished by a number of marble groups. A chateau built in 1680, containing now the Royal Museum of Antiquities, consisting principally of ecclesiastical objects of medieval origin, removed from the churches of Saxony in the days of the Reformation, were placed here in 1841, about 3,000 in all.

Adjoining the Grosser Garten are the

Botanical and Zoological gardens, both very excellent and instructive. The flower garden in the park is choice and extensive. The marble groups are classical and beautiful. One group chains all beholders to the spot. It represents a scene from the Flood, and is of black marble; a mother clinging to her child has gained a high peak that they might be safe from the water, which, steadily rising, has nearly reached them; when she sees a bear with her cub in her mouth climbing up, and as but one of them can stand on the steep place, despair, anguish and fear are depicted on her features as she realizes that she has no chance against the up-climbing monster.

This beautiful garden, with its surrounding views, picturesque walks, broad, shady avenues and suburban residences, can never be forgotten, neither can be forgotten the royal city of Dresden, with its grand palaces, its Zwinger, its prosperity and mercantile advancement.

What the garden at Versailles, oppo-

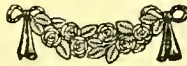
site the palace of Louis XIV, is to France, the elegant Zwinger—story of the past—is to Saxony. Designed by one like unto Louis (who permitted hundreds to watch him make his daily toilet) so intended Augustus the Strong to likewise exhibit himself and court in Dresden.

The colossal copper statue erected to his memory in the market place, opposite the Augustus bridge in the Altstadt, is over life size. The copper is gilded; himself and steed are proudly poised. It was erected in 1736.

Opposite the Zwinger (that relic of imperial days) is the Prinzen Palais, erected in 1715, now the residence of Prince Frederick Augustus.

The Sophien Kircke, or Protestant court church, dating from the 13th and 14th century, was restored in the Gothic style in 1864-68 (interior 1875). The altar with greenish columns was brought from Palestine in 1476, as a fragment of the Temple at Jerusalem.

*Lydia D. Alder.*



## WITH THE ELDERS.

PART XXI.

### AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

**I**N the second year after Lord Byron's final departure to Europe, he became so heavily in debt that he was obliged to part with his ancestral estate, so in 1818 Newstead Abbey passed from the Byrons to Colonel Wildman who spent some \$500,000 on the place in repairs. At the colonel's death, it again changed hands, this time being purchased by W. F. Webb, Esq., in whose family possession it still remains.

We walk around to the west front of the building where, to the left we see the ruins of the old Abbey Church, "a glorious remnant of the Gothic pile." In the center is the residence proper and at the right stands the Sussex Tower. The tower, we readily see, is of more modern date, being erected by Colonel Wildman and named in honor of the Duke of Sussex, a frequent visitor to Newstead and a close friend of the colonel.

The next thing of special interest claim-

ing our attention is Byron's Oak, a graceful tree standing somewhat alone in the level lawn but a few yards from the house. We are all familiar with its story and we are indeed pleased to see the old tree for ourselves.

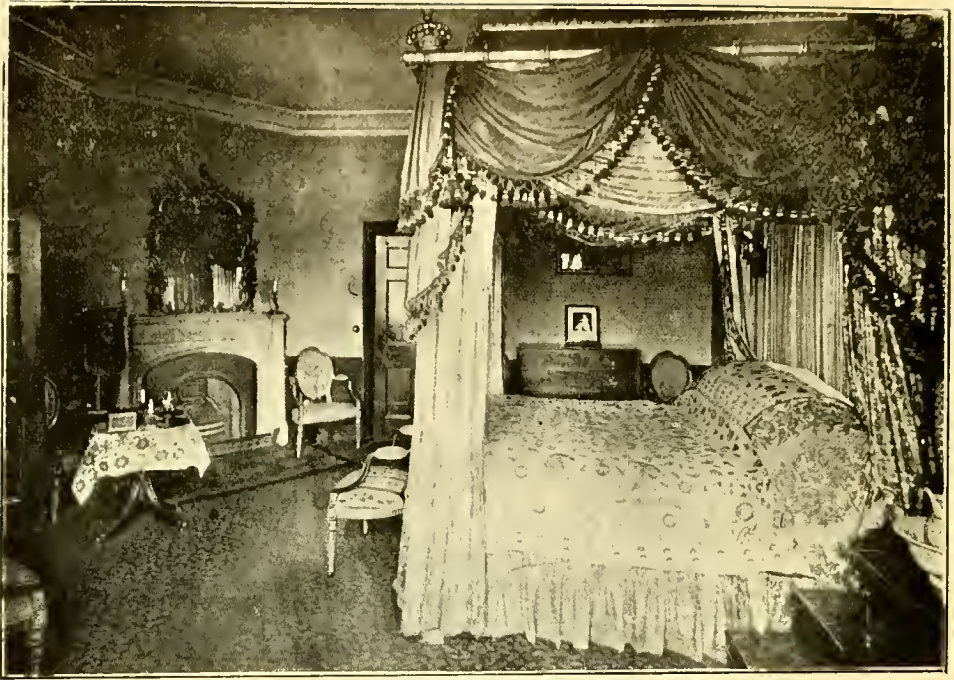
We stroll about the lawns and presently



BYRON'S OAK.

came to the famous grave of the poet's dog, Boatswain. The faithful fellow, so our guide tells us, died in a fit of madness. The stone monument near by read-





BYRON'S BEDROOM.

ily recalls to mind his master's noted verse ending with the lines:—

To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;  
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

And on the monument also we read the following inscription written by the poet:

Near this spot  
Are deposited the remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of man without his vices.  
This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
If inscribed over human ashes  
Is but a just tribute to the memory of  
Boatswain, a Dog,  
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,  
And died at Newstead Abbey, November 18, 1805.

We have now had a good look at the picturesque abbey and beautiful grounds where Lord Byron spent (or misspent) those years of "revel and delight" referred to in his popular "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," so are prepared to accompany our guide into the rooms once inhabited by

the world famous poet. We are taken, first of all, into Byron's bedroom where we see nearly everything just as it was about ninety years ago when the poet lived here. The room is of moderate size and the furniture of the plainest kind. The bed is rather large and somewhat old fashioned. The table resembles many that we have in our common sitting-rooms, and the chairs are not unlike those of the ordinary parlor. The place is kept nice and clean and "it seems good to be here,"—especially in the day time when ghosts are asleep.

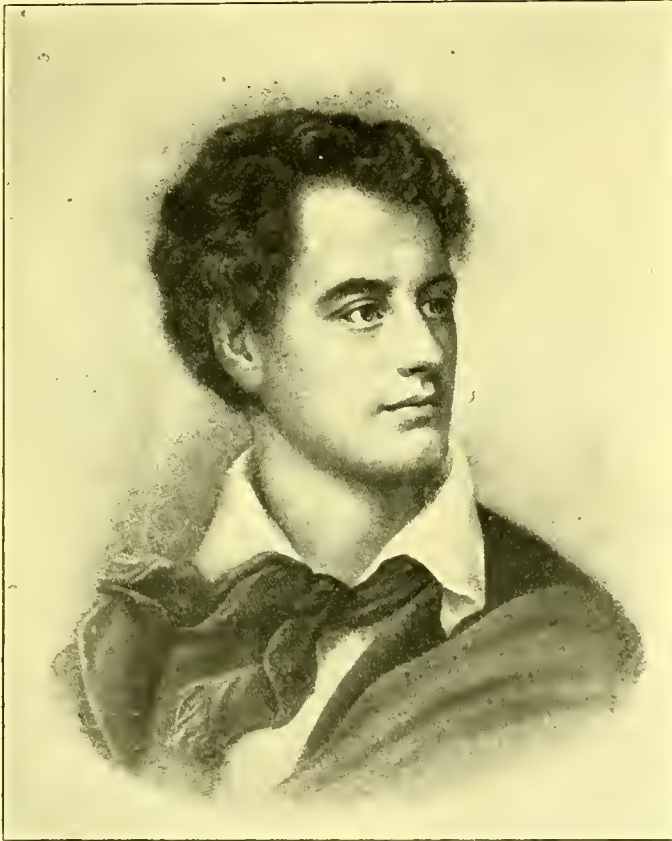
As a matter of course, the guide tells every body visiting here of the tradition that "this place is haunted," not by a "pretty girl," but by a fearful ghost of one of the monks who lived here before the abbey was owned by the Byrons. By way of explanation it is stated that the fellow hung to these apartments to work revenge on the Byrons for occupying the abbey which was erected for the monks. We recall the poet's referring to this troublesome



visitor in his description of the Abbey, and in canto thirteen of *Don Juan* declares he saw the spectre himself.

In the dressing room, which we enter by crossing the chamber, we find but little alteration since the poet's occupancy.

in a prominent place on the wall, we see a good painting of him, and to the left are hung the sword, helmet, and sabretash he used in Greece at the time of his death. Among other things to the right we notice the poet's cap and jacket, and also



LORD BYRON.

And this room, like the other, is also credited with visits from "white people" of the other world.

Next we pass into the south corridor and are shown quite a collection of relics associated with Byron. Among the lot,

the sword used by his predecessor, "the wicked lord," when, in a duel in 1765, he killed Mr. Chaworth, one of his neighbors. Immediately beneath the portrait is a piece of wood in which Lord Byron carved his own and his sister's name in the year

1814. On the floor are three more chairs used by Byron and to the right of them we see the round table on which the greater part of "Childe Harold" and also the famous "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" were written. At present the table contains quite a number of smaller relics, among which are the poet's inkstand, cup and saucer, and boxing gloves. Here also is kept the collar of his favorite dog, Boatswain.

In another part of the south corridor, we meet with somewhat of a surprise, for little did we expect to find relics, in this building, of the great explorer David Livingston of whom we have read so often and to whom the world is largely indebted for its first accurate account of the interior of Africa. But here are the relics, —a good collection of them. His photograph hanging in the center is a present to Mrs. Webb from Livingston himself. Next to it is a picture of the hut in which

the famous explorer died, and on the little table, under the glass, is the consular cap which was on his bed at the time of his death. The ankle ornaments, knives, swords, and spears all bear witness of the great man's travels among the natives of the "dark continent." And it is a source of satisfaction to realize that we are now in the building in which he wrote his "Travels on the Zambesi," a book in which we have taken much delight.

We find the Abbey full of rare and costly relics and curios and also of trophies of the chase. We are especially interested in a tall vase shaped from the rock of Gibraltar.

We leave the rooms and again survey the grounds, walk about the building once more, and then, after giving our obliging guide a few coppers for his appreciated service, wend our way back to the little town of Eastwood.

*Delbert W. Parratt.*



#### THE PROPHET'S BIRTH.

Just two days ere happy Christmas  
Dawned, in Eighteen hundred five,  
Came to earth the modern Prophet,  
Jesus' Gospel to revive,  
To the little town of Sharon,  
In the old State of Vermont,  
Came the infant Prophet, Joseph,  
To supply the world's great want.

#### CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, and with thanksgiving,  
Celebrate His Prophet's birth:  
For the dead and for the living  
Sound salvation o'er the earth.  
Still a child and lacking wisdom,  
Joseph prayed for light and grace:

Answering came both God and Jesus,  
And addressed him face to face.  
Gospel keys and gifts and blessings  
Jesus did to Joseph turn;  
And the light, which shines in darkness,  
Grateful thousands now discern.

Testify ye sons of Jacob,  
Sing, oh Zion's daughters fair.  
Children tell in joyous story,  
Joseph's birth and wondrous prayer:  
Show the link his mighty mission  
Stamps in time's eternal chain,  
Placing him among the highest,  
Where the Son of God shall reign.

*L. L. G. Richards.*



# KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

*Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris*

## FIRST SUNDAY, DECEMBER 3RD.

THOUGHT FOR TEACHERS: Loving and giving,—unselfishness.

What lovelier thought could we have to work out than the one for this month! The true Christmas spirit—loving and giving—“peace, goodwill to men.” It is to be regretted that many are losing year by year this Christmas spirit, and in its place is growing the give and take spirit; where one feels it a social duty to give a present instead of giving it in the true old way of love and unselfishness. The thought that the richness of Christmas comes from the expenditure of money is also becoming prevalent. We can only realize the joy and happiness of giving by giving of our own efforts. The gift made by one's own hands is far more valuable than the one bought for a sum of money at a shop. When one makes a present one's own personality is woven in it so deeply that its value becomes manifold. If you have observed a little child when he gives a present you will have seen the joy in his face and heart; he gave it with all his heart. Emerson tells us that the gift depends upon the way we give it. So should we add to the pleasure of a gift by the way in which we receive it. No matter how small the remembrance is, the spirit, the love of giving is the thing we should cherish. Until we learn this we can neither give nor take. This year let us make an extra effort to instil into each childish heart the true Christmas spirit of love and giving and unselfishness. Let this thought be your gift to him. What you yourself possess you can give. Some teachers may question their opportunity for truly giving

the Christmas thought. In Sunday School we teach by means of song, story and talk but this year let us go beyond this and draw our small flock nearer to us by giving some outside work during the week. We can arrange one or two afternoons to have the children come to our home or to the meeting house where we can have a little entertainment for them after which we can ask them if they would not like to make a small gift for mother and father and keep them until Christmas day when the parents can visit the class and receive them. Let it be a happy secret between the teacher and the children. You could make some small, inexpensive remembrances such as a blotter for the father, a book mark for the mother or some such simple thing. Have the little ones feel the joy of doing it for their parents. You could also have the children make some decorations for your room. The paper chains are as simple and attractive as anything. You can get for twenty-five cents enough red chain paper, cut three fourths of an inch by five inches, at any paper store. Get some Christmas tree boughs and arrange on the walls. Make some paper baskets and cornucopias and a few days before Christmas give a kindergarten party and give each child a basket of popcorn. Play some little games, tell some stories and make an effort to have each child go home with a happy heart. There is no greater joy than to give pleasure to others. What is Christmas day but the anniversary of the birth of our dear Savior who was given to the people as the most precious gift that God could give to man? “For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever be-

lieveth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

1. Song—"Little Lambs so White and Fair."
2. Hymn.
3. Prayer.
4. Song.
5. Talk.

Who can tell me who helped them this morning to get ready for Sunday School? Yes, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters help us to do many things. (Let the children tell what was done for them.) Now we have told so many things that our dear parents have done for us, can we tell now what we did to help? (Let children tell what they did to help and if there are some who can, let them tell of any help they gave; suggest a number of things for them to do, such as waiting on mother, do this or that for the baby; putting the chairs up to the table, carrying in the wood, and so on.) It always makes it easy for mother when we all help with the work; we are always happy when we do something for some one else. One reason we like Christmas so well is because we all try so much to do something for some one else. Even if we cannot give all a present we can make them happy. How many of you little children would like to have Christmas time come real often? Well, we can have a happy time just as much as we have on Christmas day if we all help to make it. When a man wants to have a house built, if a number of men start to work on it very soon it is all built and ready to live in;

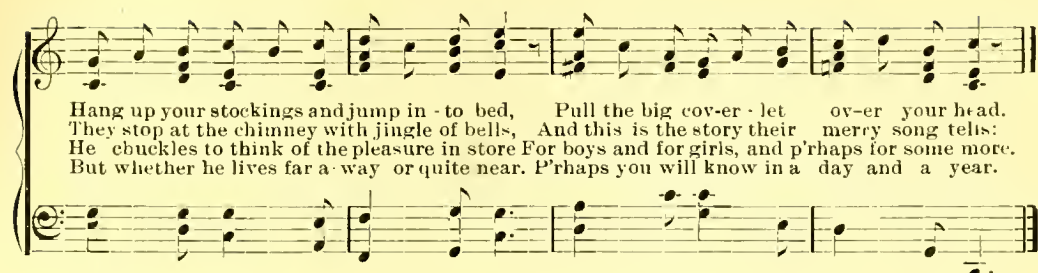
just so when we want to have a good time if we all help by doing some small thing, very soon we are all happy, because we are doing something for some one else. Christmas day will soon be here and we all want to have a happy time, so let us start right now to have it. We can all help some one; we can give many gifts and presents by being loving and kind. Let us name over some things we can do to make others happy.

(The children may talk of Santa Claus and the things he brings every year. Let them do so, also let them tell what one thing they would like for Christmas. We cannot go right to the spiritual Christmas thought first, but must first take up the joyous side of it, the side that first appeals to the children, and let them talk it over in their own way. Many are opposed to the Santa Claus myth, but it is such a happy illusion for children and such a harmless one, why not let them enjoy it for a few happy years. And what is Santa Claus but some one who brings our gifts to us. In every day kindergarten we talk of Santa Claus for Christmas, that is, if the children talk and believe in him, we never tell them that it is true Santa Claus comes with his reindeer each year, yet if he so believes we allow him the pleasure, for he soon enough gets down to the grave realities of life. We also talk of the kind everyday Santas who do for us all the year, then of the little tiny children Santas and what they can do.) You may teach one of the following songs:

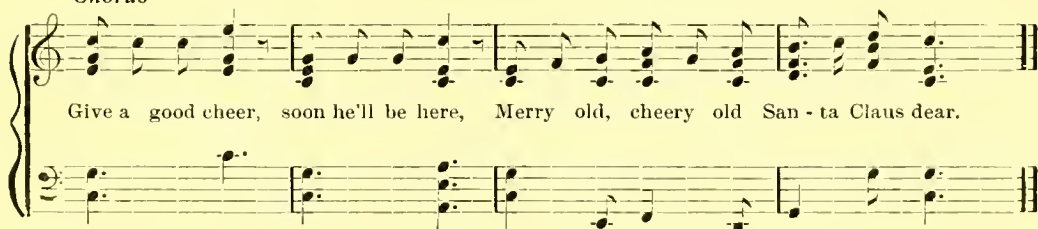
#### SANTA CLAUS.

1. Jol - ly old San - ta is coming some night, When little children are tucked out of sight,  
 2. San - ta has reindeer with ti - ni - est hoofs, Dancing and prancing on numberless roofs,  
 3. Down with a scramble old San - ta Claus goes, Fills all the stockings right up from the toes.  
 4. Back to the sleigh with a much lighter pack, Off with a rush while the i - ci - cles crack;

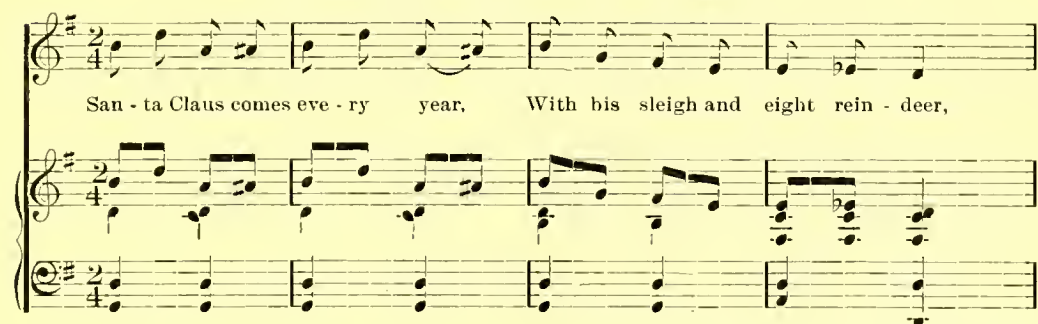




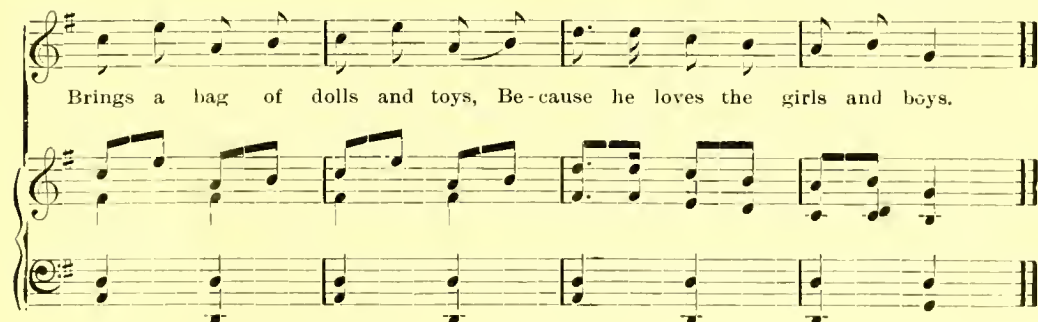
Hang up your stockings and jump in - to bed, Pull the big cov-er - let ov-er your head.  
 They stop at the chinney with jingle of bells, And this is the story their merry song tells:  
 He ebuckles to think of the pleasure in store For boys and for girls, and p'rhaps for some more.  
 But whether he lives far a way or quite near. P'rhaps you will know in a day and a year.

*Chorus*


Give a good cheer, soon he'll be here, Merry old, cheery old San - ta Claus dear.

**SANTA CLAUS COMES EVERY YEAR.**


San - ta Claus comes eve - ry year, With his sleigh and eight rein - deer,



Brings a bag of dolls and toys, Be-cause he loves the girls and boys.

He will wait till we're asleep,  
 Not an eye must even peep,  
 Brings his bag of dolls and toys,  
 To give to little girls and boys.

There are other Santas too,  
 Who come to me and come to you,  
 Come each day of all the year,  
 Father, mother, kind and dear.

**5. Story.****THE LITTLE PINE TREE.**

Out in the woods were many pine trees.  
 There was one that was very, very small  
 so much so that the jack-rabbits used to  
 come and jump back and forth over it.  
 And this the little tree did not like at all.

For all trees I suppose like to be great and tall, at least this one little pine did. He wished and wished so much that he was tall like his mother pine. When the children came out into the woods they always ran up to the little pine and said, "Oh, isn't it a pretty little pine tree, it isn't as tall as we are." This also made the little pine unhappy, for he did want so much to be tall and great.

One cold, frosty night, when Jack Frost had been through the woods covering everything with white, the little pine tree looked at the tall branches of the mother tree which stood close beside him. And as he looked up it seemed to him that on every branch of the mother tree was a beautiful sparkling star, the longer he looked the more beautiful the mother tree grew, for more and more stars seemed to glisten through her branches. At last he asked the mother where she got all those lovely stars from. She told him that they were shining down from heaven, and as he looked up through her tall branches, it looked as if they were right on them.

"Oh, how I wish I were tall enough for heaven's stars to shine on me," said the little pine.

"Wait, my little one," said mother pine, "You will be tall enough some day. We must all wait and grow, the warm sunshine comes each day to help you and rain and fresh air help too."

And then the mother pine told the little one a very sweet tree story of how the trees first start to grow from a tiny, tiny bud, and that the greatest trees are those which try the hardest to be great. She told him that if he grew and lived the very best he could, that at length he would be very tall and great. This made the little pine very happy indeed and he started right in to do the best he could. The mother tree told him something more too, that if he wanted to grow, he must

help to make others happy. So the next time the little rabbits came to jump over him he let them have a lovely time, and he stood as still as could be, and when the children came he was glad to see them, and when he heard them say, "Oh, how our little pine tree has grown," he was so happy he could hardly wait to tell his mother.

Years passed by, and one day a sleigh with horses and jingling bells came running through the wood. The sleigh was filled with happy children and the little pine wondered why they had come. His mother told him that it was nearly Christmas time, and the children were picking out their tree. "Perhaps they will take me this year I have waited a long, long time to go."

"But what shall I do if they take you away from me?" said the little tree.

"Oh, you must stay right here and do your best, and then some day they will come for you and you will be a Christmas tree covered with many beautiful gifts and bright burning candles and perhaps they will bring you to me."

"Well, I will wait, mother, and do my very best."

The children ran here and there among the pines and one ran right up to the lovely mother pine and said, "Oh, this is a beautiful tree, this is the one we want."

The little pine knew too that his mother was beautiful, but hoped they would not take her away from him.

But they did take her, she had grown so tall and fine. She called good bye to the little one and told him to grow and grow and he would soon go too.

Year after year passed by and the little pine grew taller and larger until those jack rabbits could not even touch its lowest branches.

One year the same sleigh came through the woods and the joyous laughter of the children could be heard far and wide.



For Christmas was very near and they had come to find the loveliest pine tree in the woods. They ran here and there, but could not find a very nice tree. At last Uncle Jerry, for he always drove the sleigh into the woods, said, "Here is the most beautiful tree I ever saw." All the children ran to see, and there they saw a large, beautiful pine tree.

How happy that pine tree was to hear them say he was beautiful and maybe they would take him away to his mother.

Yes, that is what they did.

Uncle Jerry fastened the pine tree fast on to the back of the sleigh and away they went through the woods. When they reached the home Uncle Jerry took the little tree and stood it up on the back porch. The children went in and right to their beds because tomorrow was going to be Christmas day.

The tree wondered if that was the end of his journey, but he didn't have long to think, for someone came and picked him up and carried him into a lovely, bright, warm room. Oh, they hurried and dressed him. On his highest branch they put a large golden star and here and there many smaller stars, and then the bright colored candles his mother told him of were put on his many strong branches; their dolls, dishes, drums, horns, balls, and so many toys were put on him he hardly knew how to stand. Then they left the room and everything was quiet. The lights burned low and not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

After a long time a man came in and lighted every little candle, then he shouted "All ready." A door opened, in danced all the happy children, singing and laughing and calling "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" It was a merry Christmas, the children and large folks were all happy. The pine too was happier than ever before in his life—he at last was great. One by one all the bright

candles were taken from his branches and also the bright stars. In came Uncle Jerry and said, "Well, where shall I take the tree? Out in the garden by that other beautiful pine?" So out in the garden the little tree was taken, put right beside a tree he had always known. And there stood two beautiful pine trees, and at night, if you stood under them and looked up, you could see heaven's stars shining down on their branches, and those trees were so very happy.

#### 7. Rest Exercise.

Tramp, tramp, You can then shake hands and feet and nod heads, etc. (Hubbard, 132.)

Some criticism has been given in regard to a few of the rest exercises given. If those teachers will but think of it they will find that the same activities have to be met with on Sunday as on a school day. The child has the same motor power to give off on Sunday as well as any other day, and if the exercises are unruly and boisterous, the fault is largely due to the manner in which the teacher presents them. We can teach any child to play with as much order as necessary, and a clapping or stamping game need not be so loud as to disturb anyone. You can tell the children that they must try and clap softly and stamp very quietly, for there are a number of other children and teachers whom we do not want to hear us. Games and exercises at all times should be a quiet and orderly thing; and please do not think you can restrain a little, active four-year-old and have him sit entirely still during a length of time and drink in knowledge. A child has three natures for us to meet—the physical, the mental and the spiritual.

#### 8. Song—"Once unto the Shepherds." Gaynor 129.

#### 9. Bible Story.

The Birth of Christ, as given in the JUVENILE (page 682) for December, 1904.

0. Song.—Once Within a Lowly Stable. (Hill, 33.)

11. Closing Prayer.

March out to the singing of one of the songs.

SECOND SUNDAY, DECEMBER 10.

1. Song.

2. Hymn.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song. Once Within a Lowly Stable. (Hill, 33.)

5. Talk of Christmas.

Ask the children what presents they would like to give. Suggest to them how they can all give presents, though they have no money with which to buy them. They can make many little things, they can help to do many things, and can give much love and happiness. Ask what was given to us on the very first Christmas day. Let some child tell of Christ's birth.

6. Story.

The Shepherds' Visit to the Manger, as given in the JUVENILE for December, 1904.

7. Song.

Now I want to teach you a lovely song about the story which has just been told, it says:

Once unto the shepherds,  
Seated on the ground,  
Came a heavenly vision—  
Glory shone around.

And the shepherds listened.  
Hear'd the angels say.  
"Christ is come to save you;  
Christ is born today."

Gaynor, 29.

8. Rest Exercise—selected.

9. Story.

The Shepherd's Children, as given in the JUVENILE (p. 686) for December, 1904.

10. Song.

11. Children's Period.

You might read this little poem to the children, A Christmas Thought:

We know just how he looked, that Christmas day  
The little Jesus, on his bed of hay.

We know just how his little downy head  
Nestled upon that fragrant manger bed.

And, oh, we know how rosy and how sweet,  
His tiny hands were and his small pink feet:

And how he looked up in his mother's eyes,  
And smiled right at her in his glad surprise,  
When he awoke and found her bending near,  
We know how very sweet he was and dear,

Because, you see, we have a baby boy,  
That's how we know—he is so full of joy!

We think the little Christ was glad to come  
From out the heavenly blue to Mary's home,  
And be her little babe. Then he could show  
Us children, how dear God would have us grow.

12. Closing Exercises.

THIRD SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17.

Thought for teacher: Unselfishness; Loving and Giving.

1. Song—choose.

2. Hymn.

4. The Lord's Prayer.

5. Song. Christmas Song.

5. Talk for Teachers.

Instead of clinging to the songs already known, add others to your list, and sing because you love to.

Re read the lessons given in the JUVENILE of last November and December. As the "Life of Christ" is to be again studied during the months of December, January and February, the teachers should review, for their own benefit, the work already given on that subject.

More of the kindergarten principles and thoughts will be given this year, to assist those who are interested in this work and to aid them in preparing their lessons.

The thought of Christmas time is that of unselfishness, of loving and giving; and the great ideal of the Christmas thought



is our Savior, who is the embodiment of all that is good and holy.

In his "Mutter-und-Kose Lieder" or "Motherplays," Friederich Froebel, the founder of the Kindergarten, or Child-garden, explains so much which is of value to mothers and teachers. The "Mother-play" book is a book of experiences, which, when understood, changes the mothers' or teachers' instincts into insight.

Froebel studied mothers and fathers as well as he studied children. All mothers do certain things. All children do and like certain things, so we have as our guide the universal; there are exceptions of course, but the universal must be the guide.

There are two sides to the Christmas thought; first, the jolly side, with Santa Claus, sleigh bells, Christmas trees, gifts, etc., which should be the means of leading to the second or higher thought—the spiritual.

Oh! like a wreath let Christmas mirth  
Today encircle all the earth,  
And bind the nations with the love,  
That Jesus brought from heaven above.

In the "Motherplay" book, under the Christmas thought, are shown two pictures, one representing the mother and her little daughter talking together, and later visiting the toy shop or market.

"As the child rejoices in the shopman's wares, the mother rejoices in her child.

The second picture shows the father and his little son at the toyman's.

The toyman spreads his wares with skilful hand,  
While in the boy's mind, all unbid, arise  
Vague stirrings, which he cannot understand—  
Strange new-born yearnings toward life's great  
emprise;

Yearnings which wisely trained, will grow at  
length

To motive power, still strengthening with his  
strength.

The following shows what should be expected of the children who go to the stores—each one has a part to perform:

#### THE SHOPMAN AND THE GIRL.

Mother, do come, mother dear!  
Take me to the shopman here:  
Cupboards, cradles, dolls, I know,  
He has and will always show:  
Household things of every kind,  
Tables, chairs, dolls' beds you'll find.  
It is Christmas Fair today—  
That's why everything's so gay.  
Mother, come with me and stop  
While I buy at this nice shop.  
Yes, my little girl, we'll go:  
Pretty things there'll be, I know;  
But a little secret hear,  
I will whisper in your ear.  
Things in mother's face will smile  
Only if she feels the while  
That her little daughter's good.  
And does everthing she should.  
But if she should sulk and cry,  
That would close up mother's eye,  
So that nothing large or small  
Could tempt her to buy at all.  
And if mother will not buy, you'll see,  
That Santa Claus forgets to buy, like me.

Oh, mother, come, and I will try  
To be good, and I'll not cry.

Please, Mr. Shopman, will you tell me  
What nice things you have to sell me?  
What have you for good girls today?

See madam. Spinning wheels, a tray,  
Spoons, forks and knives, and here's a dish,  
Some plates, and all that cook can wish:  
All spick and span, all clean and new,  
To suit a daughter good, like you.

Please, sir, when Santa Claus, you see,  
Tell him my daughter came with me,  
And that I hope he'll take good care  
To choose her good and nice things there:  
For she's a good child, eager to obey  
And tries to do still better every day.

LORD TRANSLATION.

#### THE SHOPMAN AND THE BOY.

Father, dear, do please be quick,  
Take your hat and walking stick;  
There are splendid things, I know,  
That the shopman has to show—  
Cows, sheep, shepherd, fold and stall,  
And swift horses, best of all!  
Father, please, O father dear!  
Take me to the shopman here.  
It is Christmas Fair today,  
That's why everything's so gay.

Yes, my little boy, we'll go;  
 Pretty things there'll be, I know;  
 But this little secret hear,  
 I will whisper in your ear:  
 Things look dark to father's eye,  
 If the boy who's standing by  
 Can't obey or evil shun.  
 Is not all a little son  
 Ought to be—so glad and free,  
 Merry, earnest, good with me;  
 And if there's nothing father likes for you,  
 Then Santa Claus will choose you nothing,  
 too.

O father, come, I'll try to be  
 The good boy that you want to see.

Shopman, I hear you've got for boys  
 Such useful things for Christmas toys.  
 Please show them me, that I may try  
 If they can make me wish to buy.

Carriage, barrow, truck, good sir,  
 Help boys heavy weights to stir;  
 And these horses, swift and wild,  
 Try the courage of a child.  
 If quiver, arrows, bow you buy,  
 You stretch the bow, the arrows fly!  
 But, sir, how can I show you all  
 The many things on my shop stall?  
 Just look around for yourself today,  
 And then choose something while you stay.

Shopman, when Santa Claus you see,  
 Please say my son came here with me,  
 And that I hope he'll take great care  
 To choose him good and nice things there;  
 For he's a good child, eager to obey,  
 And tries to grow still better every day.

In selecting from the many things displayed, special things will be determined by age, sex and vocation. "The little girl, the maiden, the mother, the housewife will desire things that serve and adorn the house—things which lighten the duties and augment the charm of family life. The boy, the youth, the man, the father, will wish to protect his home, and his choice will be influenced by that desire. The woman will prefer beautiful things; the man, strong things. Blending in harmonious union, the strong and the beautiful produce the good." (Blow, page, 255)

Hence a child, if he be childlike, will

not crave physical possession of all the things he sees, but his heart's desire will be fully satisfied by a doll or a cart, a whistle or a sheep, provided only that in and through his toy, he finds himself and his little world. Children are naturally what we term selfish: because we do not understand them, we misjudge their actions and motives.

Children become accustomed to receiving; they must be led to share with others, and the Christmas is the time to give from the heart. There is truly more happiness in giving than in receiving, when done in the proper spirit.

In making gifts, more thought and value should be placed on the act of love and friendship than on the price of the gift.

The testimony of persons who have lived among European nations points to the existence of a spirit we know hardly anything of in our American present giving—viz., every gift is shrewdly appraised and valued strictly according to its price; its utility to the receiver is scarcely noticed, still less the giver's kind thought; present giving is a mere social tax, and the children catch up this sordid idea of a gift as readily as the grown-up people do.

It is not necessary to always give gifts to show our love. A kind word; a pleasant nod and smile, or a kind deed sometimes give more happiness than gifts do.

#### 6. Nature Talk.

The Stars. See JUVENILE. December 1, 1904.

#### 7. Bible Story.

The Three Wise Men. See JUVENILE, December 1, 1904.

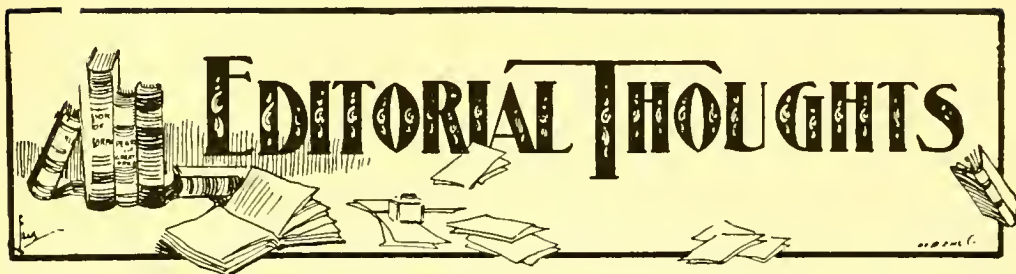
#### 8. Rest Exercise—choose.

#### 9. Choose a Story.

#### 10. Children's Period.

#### 11. Closing.





SALT LAKE CITY, - DECEMBER 1, 1905

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THE CENTENARY OF THE PROPHET'S BIRTH.

**T**HE General Board of the Union invites all the Sunday Schools of the Church to honor the centenary of the birth of the prophet Joseph Smith by devoting the session of Sunday, December 24th, to special services commemorative of his life and work. The Union will not prepare a program for the schools to follow, but leaves this matter to the stake and ward superintendents and officers, believing that differences in local conditions render it improbable that one and the same program will be suitable for all the schools. The Board however advises that one or both of the prize

hymns be sung, and that brethren and sisters who reside in the ward or neighborhood who knew the Prophet be invited to take part in the proceedings and speak of their experiences in the early days of the Church when Joseph was alive. These services to be effective should be prepared as thoroughly as the limited time at our disposal will admit, and parents and friends should be cordially invited to be present and join in the services.

It is not intended by the Union Board that more time than the one morning Sunday School session should be occupied with these special services, as other Church organizations or societies may also wish to commemorate the event, and should have equal opportunity.

The two prize hymns, with the prize music, can be found on pages 646-8 of the present volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

**PROMPT.**—At three o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, October 29th, the day of collection, the Nickel Fund, (one hundred per cent) of the whole of the Salt Lake Stake was received by the General Treasurer of the Union, the next day the mail brought the fund collected in the Wasatch Stake.

**ERRATUM:** On page 527 of our present volume it is stated "Schiller's advent into the world was ten years prior to that of Goethe's" the contrary is correct, Goethe was born ten years before Schiller. The dates of their respective births were, Goethe, August 28th, 1749; Schiller, November 10th, 1759.

## THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 675.)

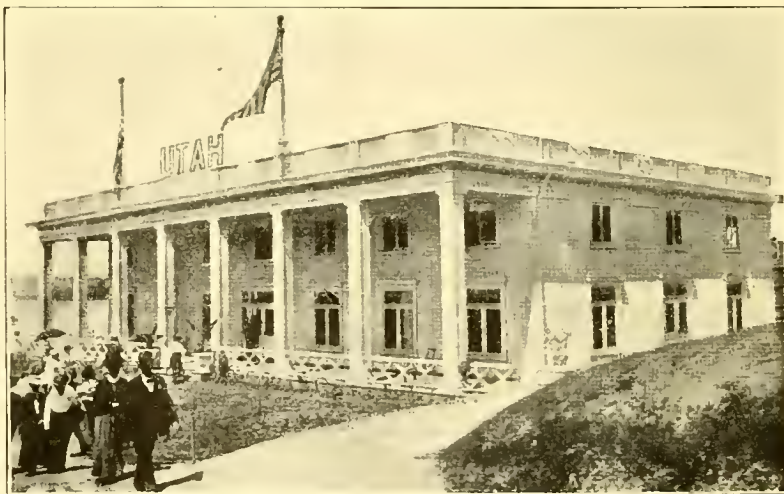


THE Utah building was naturally a place where the Utes were interested. On the border of the lake was our Information Bureau where the Church works and Utah curios were on sale. On an elevation near by was our State building, and near it was that of Idaho. Crowds were in daily attendance and the display was in every way creditable to the commission in charge. The varied products of the State were artistically arranged. Our school exhibit was meritorious in every way and received numerous medals for superiority. In the rear of the building was a stamp mill showing the methods of treating ores. Each visitor received a souvenir in the shape of a bottle of quartz or ore reduced to powder. Utah silk and honey showed up very creditably, as well as the ores from different mines. Residents of Utah were made to feel at home. The attendants were courteous and entertaining. The Hon. Spencer Clawson presided over the exhibit to the satisfaction of all parties.

The Idaho building contained an artistic and beautifully arranged display. The exhibition of the cereals was presided over by a lady of exquisite taste. The fruit display was of the highest type. The Idaho schools were also represented in an able manner. Among the rare objects to be seen there was a silver medal given to Lewis and Clark to be used as a peace offering among the Indian tribes. It was picked up by a sheepherder who traded it off for a plug of tobacco. It afterwards became the property of R. C. Sinclair of Kendrick, Idaho. It showed on one side a relief bust of President Jefferson. In my judgment, it was one of the rarest objects on the fair grounds.

The State of Illinois' building was close to the Idaho. It represented the home of the immortal Lincoln and was an exact copy of the only home he ever owned. It was filled with objects representing scenes in his life. The original is located at the corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, in Springfield, Ill.

There were other State buildings, all of a similar character, representing those



THE UTAH BUILDING.



east of the Missouri River, but they were not remarkable for possessing any specially interesting features. California and Washington had splendid structures filled completely with objects showing the wonderful products of each. The Californian building had four entrances, each one a copy of the entrances of noted missions that are the shrines of visitors in different parts of the State. There were imitations of bears and elephants, covered with prunes and oranges. It was a strange feature to watch the visitors going wild over these clumsy imitations, when near by was a show case with specimens of rare and precious stones valued at \$40,000 that was scarcely noticed. Near San Diego are now found some

timber to all parts of the world. Pine timber is not found in great abundance in many of the Pacific Islands, and to New Zealand and Australia immense quantities are shipped. Oregon boasts of having 300,000,000,000 feet of standing timber. She boasts of cutting 1,000,000,000 annually. Any smart boy or girl can easily guess how long the timber will last in that State, to say nothing of Washington, which has a similar supply. Oregon boasts of having the largest square timber in the world and one-sixth of all the standing timber in the United States. Planks were on exhibition 8 ft. 7½ in. wide.

In the Washington state building were the methods adopted of propagating salmon and other fish caught along the



THE IDAHO BUILDING.

wonderful mineral curiosities such as Tourmalines, Kunzites and other brilliant and showy diamond-like gems that are coming slowly into use. It was wonderful to see the large vases filled with the finest product of the golden state representing the fruits and vegetables of every kind. California has all the climates we know anything about and nearly all the products of earth can be raised there. It is the wonderland of America, and the exhibit fully sustained this assertion.

The States of Oregon and Washington were represented with products almost as wonderful. These States are the great timber States. From them is exported

shores. The apples exhibited were equal to any seen in any building. The products of old ocean were represented in an intelligent and educational completeness.

Then, for variety sake, one moves out into the open to take a look at the statuary on the grounds. Some of it did service at St. Louis, notably the group of cow boys, "Hitting the Trail." There were statues of Lewis and Clark, Cowboy at Rest, Bull fighting Lynx, a Pioneer, and others.

In one part of the grounds was an enclosure, (entrance 25 cents) where you could ascend in a balloon for 75 cents, more if you went up higher. Of course



THE ILLINOIS BUILDING.

the balloon was attached to a rope by which it was hauled back to earth. I also witnessed the ascent of a cigar shaped airship managed by Lincoln Beachey, a solitary man in a sort of wire cage. It moved around and over the buildings, then steered away for the Oregonian building in Portland, moved around it and returned to the place of departure without any apparent effort. A gasoline engine turned the fans that propelled this ship of the air. It was at a later date steered to Vancouver Barracks, seven miles away, where a message was delivered to the commanding officers. This was sent by Mr. Goode, president of the exposition, and was said to be the first message ever sent by balloon that reached its destination.

One of the novel and original features on the ground was the forestry building. This was a structure erected out of pine logs. It contained 10,000,000 feet of timber. A colonnade in the center was made of pine logs 60 feet high, 6 to 8 feet in diameter at the base. All the workings in miniature of the logging business were elaborately shown. All the varieties of timber found in the states were displayed by polished specimens. Many other curios, from Arizona, were

also found in the building. Every corner had something to make you stop, look and admire. There was a flag pole on the grounds 204 feet long, diameter at the base 28 inches, at top 7 inches. It was furnished by S. L. Beck, Timberlands, Oregon.

All the features that I have enumerated were but the beginning of the great show. There are still to mention the following: Manufactures, Liberal Arts and Varied Industries, Oriental Exhibits Building, European Exhibits Building, Agricultural Building, Machinery, Electricity and Transportation, Mines and Metalurgy, Fine Arts. The first of these buildings is a large and highly ornamented structure. The contents show the perfection attained in the manufacturing industries of the United States, and the methods of production, everything connected with the printers' art, the drug business, the making of ropes of different materials, cloth, threads, musical instruments, furniture, medical instruments, typewriting machines, office furnishings; in fact nearly everything used by man. One could but wish that our school boys and girls could all see how the many useful devices necessary for our comfort were produced. We easily remember what we see.

*C. R. Savage.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

**Semi-Annual Conference Held in the Tabernacle,  
Salt Lake City, Sunday Evening,  
October 8th, 1905.**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 687.)

ELDER JAMES E. TALMAGE.

At every gathering of this kind, at each succeeding Sunday School Conference, I am the more deeply impressed with a strong realization of the genuine greatness of the organization here represented. I refer not only to its colossal proportions as to membership, its hosts of officers, teachers, and pupils, but more particularly to the power and influence exercised by this great army, and to the good effect thereof, inevitably manifest throughout the Church and beyond its borders.

This is one of the biggest Sunday Schools known to me by experience or through report; and when we consider the fact that the thousands here present constitute but a small part of this huge Sunday School, our wonder and grateful pleasure must surely increase.

With great joy have I watched the growth and development of this organization; and I feel assured, not only through the testimony of the Gospel, which is mine as a gift from God, but also by the ordinary exercise of the faculties of observation and reason that the spirit of life is in the Sunday School organization.

There is no perfunctory service represented by this assembly; our work is not done by rote; we manifest no spiritless service in the Lord's cause, but instead we manifest a living interest in His Church and in the Sunday School organization as part thereof.

I wish that those who have made it their business to malign and defame the Latter-day Saints, those who are afraid of our strength and yet endeavor to make it appear that ours is a dying cause, were here tonight.

This is a magnificent organization, splendidly officered. To declare that such an army as that now marshaled under our Sunday School banners is directed by officers whose purpose is sinister and corrupt, is to speak foolishness and to invite ridicule. There is unity in this great organization, and this fact is proof of unity among those who lead and direct.

It is to our Sunday School officers particularly I speak for the few minutes allotted to me on the program of the evening. One reason why we respect our leaders is this—they respect themselves. In general there is no false humility among them, neither is there false pride. A man who is sustained in any office or position by the uplifted hands of the hosts of Israel must feel himself worthy of respect if he would win respect. When you find a ward Sunday School whose superintendent does not realize the dignity of his calling, you have found a school that is weak. A stake superintendent who does not feel honored by the office he holds, who has no righteous pride in the authority conferred upon him—a humble pride that inspires obedience and yet renders his words and acts authoritative—such a man is a man out of place.

I am not enthusiastic or eager to sustain men who won't sustain themselves. The officers of our Sunday School organization are trying to sustain themselves; are seeking to discharge with honor the duties of their high calling. And the result appears in the ever-increasing efficiency of our Sunday School system. Such reports as those to which we have listened tonight—reports from the stakes near home, and others from distant continents and from the isles of the seas, must be an inspiration to us all.

Our success should make further improvement easier. We are not yet per-

fect in plan or in execution. In the course of regular appointment and assigned duty I have visited some wards and stakes wherein I have found convincing evidence that the officers, though they do well, ought to do much better. Some of them are found wanting in true regard for and in proper estimation of themselves and their office; they should develop within themselves a little more of that righteous pride that goes hand in hand with true humility.

When a man is chosen, sustained by vote, and ordained or set apart authoritatively to any office in the Church, let him be zealous for—jealous of—the power and prerogatives belonging to that office; let him seek to discharge the same in the fear of the living God; let him become neither servile nor indifferent. The authority vested in him he cannot of his own action pass on to another; it is his to exercise, but not his to give away.

The special illustration I have in mind is that shown by a custom followed in many of our wards and stakes, a habit that is spreading and fast becoming common. I refer to the mistake of regarding counselors and assistants in presiding quorums as being equal in authority with the officer to whose aid they have been called; and to the resulting practice of a strict rotation in the active duties of conducting the exercises in Sunday Schools and other gatherings. Each of the three, the principal as well as his counselors or assistants, has his place and his duty. Yet some of our superintendents, presumably in a spirit of kindness and through a desire to honor their associates, virtually vacate their place of presidency and temporarily permit the first or the second assistant to assume full authority, and this without due cause or excuse. I don't believe in this custom and rule of rotation, fixed and binding, as to the duties of presiding officer. There are wards in which

exists a general understanding, a rule of action, in fact, regarded as having practically the force of a law, that on one Sunday the superintendent shall actively perform the duties of a presiding officer; and that on the next Sunday he must give way to the first assistant, whose turn it is to preside, and on the next Sabbath the second assistant is in power. Thus, once a month the superintendent himself appears in his place, when he ought to be there every Sunday. I attended a ward Sunday School Conference not long ago, and found the superintendent officiating as the door keeper. Now, it is a good thing to have some officer near the entrance to welcome those who come; but the superintendent has other duties to perform. On this occasion I asked an explanation from the superintendent. He said, "It is the second assistant's day today." Though it was conference day, the chief officer could not officiate; it was the second assistant's turn; he was the man of the hour, and the superintendent was down at the door. I ventured to say to him, "Please go up and take your place, let the people see you, let them know who you are."

This instance is no isolated case. I have in mind another ward, where I found the first assistant really presiding, to all appearances never consulting the superintendent. Some few irregularities appeared, and I took the superintendent aside for a confidential consultation after dismissal. He desired to make no complaint, but he admitted that it had become quite the habit with his assistants to introduce innovations on the days of their respective turns in conducting the school, on which occasions the superintendent was practically out of office. Now, I believe that counselors and assistants in our various organizations have their place; but they are not the principals in the quorum. Two assistant superintendents



don't make one superintendent, any more than two counselors multiplied together would constitute a Bishop.

In a gathering such as this it is not my prerogative to speak of other organizations than the Sunday Schools; but I shall venture to make a comparison; and if I express incorrect views I have full confidence that those whom I have lifted my hand in solemn promise to sustain in their exalted positions, will see to it that you do not go away with false doctrine uncorrected.

I have observed that in many wards a similar practice is followed, in ward affairs generally. The Bishop conducts the services at one ward meeting, and at the next meeting the first counselor appears as the man in power; then the second counselor takes his turn. That may be right if the Bishop wishes to call upon one of them at any time to actively discharge the duties of making announcements, and so forth, in the meetings; but when the Bishop is present, the Bishop presides, if I understand the order of the Church; and if he be there no one else can in fact preside in that ward gathering. I don't understand that the President of a Stake can sit as one of the congregation simply and let one of his counselors take charge in the strict sense of the term. The authority of presidency is not placed upon us as a coat to put on, then to be taken off at pleasure and put on the shoulders of another. The Priesthood cannot be so laid aside.

I would admonish the superintendents to remember that they are superintendents. Strive to secure in full measure the spirit of your calling, then you won't ignore your assistants and cause them to feel out of place. You will give them every opportunity to magnify their calling. You will be guided by their advice, suggestions and counsel, for they are counselors unto you, and have a right to

suggest and advise, just as the counselors to a Bishop in a ward have a right to expect that the spirit of counsel shall rest upon them. If the superintendent of a Sabbath School be absent and the first assistant is there actually presiding, he exercises for the time the powers of the superintendent; and he ought to follow the course of his superior officer and avoid introducing changes in procedure. Indeed if unusual circumstances arise that day, he will make it a point to take time to consult the superintendent as well as his associate assistant; and so a counselor should consult his Bishop. Where the counselor or the assistant is trying to get ahead of his chief, the spirit of the Lord is restrained and does not operate in a free and untrammelled way.

Our presiding quorums, by direction of the Lord, usually consist of three members. There is a presiding officer and there are two others who in turn represent him in his absence, and who are ever ready to help him, standing, if they have the spirit of their office with them, like Aaron and Hur on either side of Moses to hold up his hands and support him in his work, not to pull him down or push him back that they may take his place.

On a recent visit to one of the missions of the Church, beyond the organized stakes, I found that that same rule of rotation was regarded as having the force of law in the Sunday School. If it so happened the first or second assistant's turn came on a day of special importance, such as the occasion of a conference, the superintendent was really superceded. He had simply to step aside, and give his assistant the full control of affairs.

I believe that we should seek to discharge the duties of our place with humble pride, and with proper dignity. When I go into a Sunday School, I want to see the superintendent in his place. I have to inquire around sometimes to find who

he is, and then have to search around to find where he is.

Nevertheless, whenever he deems it wise and proper, whenever by any consultation or agreement with his counselors or assistants, it is decided that one of the assistants shall actively represent the superintendent on any day, all well and good. Do that as often as you like, my brethren, the superintendents, only don't think that you have to follow the course as a rigid rule, or that at any time you may actually relinquish the responsibilities of your office.

I said that our Sunday Schools are splendidly officered. So is the Church as a whole, or it never would have been able to survive the assaults that have been made upon it. I have no fears even when I consider the evil schemes laid by the enemy against us; for I know what kind of officers we have.

From the President of the Church down, we have men who, in general, are discharging their duties pleasingly, acceptably, and efficiently before the Lord; and as I realize what our leaders have to stand and withstand in this day, my heart is full of prayer for them, and I wish it were possible for me to do something in the way of helping them, something more than I seem able to do.

The remark has been made here tonight that each succeeding president of the Church has been the man of the time, qualified for just those particular experiences of the Church at the time. I add my testimony to the truth of that statement. I know that this Church has been and is being led by men of God, men who are able to commune with the powers above and bring great forces into action. As I think of them, one by one, I think of our living Prophet, Seer and Revelator to the Church, who stands at the head. I thought as I sat here tonight of Goldsmith's splendid simile, which

slightly changed, is strictly applicable to our living prophet:

Like some proud cliff that lifts its noble form,  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine rests upon his head.

We have men who rise above the clouds, even as the peaks of yon majestic range, sun crowned, though winds and clouds begirt them at lesser heights.

Let us try to rise above the storms of petty trouble. Though I know that there are some weaklings amongst us, who will be influenced by the misrepresentations that are made, I know also that this organization is charged with guarding them, watching them, doing all that can be done to prevent them from following in the path of the traitor, watching over them till they are able to realize for themselves what a despicable thing it is to be a traitor. I have confidence in my people. True, there are a few amongst us who have bowed the knee to Baal, but the great army of Israel is in readiness to take the field whenever the word shall come. They are sending forth their power, in faith and prayer, for the support of those who are charged more especially with the direction of affairs, be it the affairs of the Church as a whole, of a stake, of a ward, of a Sunday School, or of any other organization.

Brethren and sisters, the funeral of the Sunday School cause has been unavoidably postponed. (Laughter.) We have been invited, again and again, to attend the obsequies of the Church, for its burial has been repeatedly announced. I never had much interest in that kind of an invitation; for I know that there is a spirit of virility, of life, of strength, of God-given power, in the organization which you represent, in those who pre-

side over it, and throughout the Church of the living God.

There is strength in Israel. The "Hope of Israel," of whom we have been singing may well be called Israel's certainty. Amen.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT REYNOLDS

then announced that Brother Ensign would sing a sample of the Japanese Sunday School hymns.

Elder H. S. Ensign said:

My brethren and sisters, I would rejoice if you could join with me in singing this song. However, you do know it very well, that is, in English. I will sing one verse of our Sunday School song, "Love at Home." In translating this into Japanese we found it impossible to use the music as we have it in our Sunday School Song Book, and it has been necessary for us to write new music for our translation as it is in Japanese. I will now sing the first verse.

Brother Ensign then sang in the Japanese language a stanza of "Love at Home."

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT PRESIDENT

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

We have now been assembled here for about two hours, and I feel that it would be improper for us to prolong our meeting.

I would like, however, to add my testimony to all the testimonies that have been borne this evening, but more particularly to endorse and emphasize the remarks made by Dr. Talmage, in relation to the duty of presiding officers. Of course we should follow in our Mutual Improvement Associations and in our quorum capacities, and in all our organizations in the Church, auxiliary or otherwise, the pattern, as nearly as we can, that the Lord has given us. A Bishop is the presiding offi-

cer of his ward; and where the Bishop is in the ward, his counselors and those who are members of his ward are subject to his presidency. He cannot yield it up. He cannot give it to another; or, if he does, he violates one of the sacred principles of the government of the Priesthood. He may direct his counselors, the first or the second, to do his will, to carry out his wishes, to execute his desires, or his commands; but in so doing, the counselor does not act as the Bishop, but he acts under the direction of the presiding authority. He does not act independently of the Bishop but is subordinate to the Bishop and subject entirely to the Bishop's direction. This principle prevails, or should prevail in the Sunday School organization of the Church. We can commission and appoint; that is, those who preside, can call upon their aids for assistance, they can direct them to accomplish labors, but in every instance when they do, it is by and with and under the consent of the presiding authority, and by his advice, but not independently.

Our missions have not always been organized strictly according to the pattern that the Lord has given. In a great many instances, the presiding Elder has been the sole presiding officer of the mission. But in recent years, in many instances, it has been deemed wise, not only to have a presiding Elder in the mission, but also assistants to the president, or counselors, that they may render him such assistance and counsel as he may need. In all these things the presiding officer is the head; he should be regarded in his place and his place should be held sacred in the minds of his associates. And no man possessing a correct understanding of the spirit of the Gospel and of the authority and law of the holy Priesthood will attempt for a moment to run ahead of his file leader or to do anything—assume to do anything that is not strictly in har-



mony with his wish and the authority that belongs to him. The moment a man in subordinate position begins to usurp the authority of his file leader, that moment he is out of his place, and proves by his conduct that he does not comprehend his duty, that he is not acting in the line of his calling, and is a dangerous character. He will set bad examples, he will mislead, he will lead others into error, having fallen into error himself; indeed, he is in error the moment he acts contrary to and independent of the direction of his presiding officer; and if he continues in that course, he will go astray entirely; and those who follow him will follow him astray.

I endorse what Brother Talmage has said. We all understand that principle, I think, and I would like to see my brethren and sisters who are connected with the Sunday School work observe it strictly, but in the true spirit; not with any kind of stiff formality or set ways, but in the true spirit of presidency, lovingly subject to divine authority, the authority that God has instituted, and that we may emulate, the example of the Son Himself, who came to earth, and while He possessed majestic power to heal the sick, to restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf and bring the dead to life, and to accomplish wonderful things, walking upon the waves, stilling the storms, casting out devils, and multiplying the loaves and fishes, by which He fed the multitudes of people, yet in accomplishing all this He declared, over and over again, this great principle, that He came not to do His own will but the will of Him that sent Him, recognizing in every feature of His message and ministry in the world that God was at the head, and that He did nothing of Himself but only that which the Father sent Him to do. Thus He was acting under the authority of His president or file leader—of Him who sent

Him and commissioned Him to accomplish the work He was sent to do.

Let us follow that spirit and example, and adopt that principle in our lives then we shall never have presiding Elders and officers in the Church at loggerheads with each other, contending with each other, and at cross purposes. They will always be one. They will see eye to eye, they will understand better the principles of divine government the principles of the gospel and the promptings of the Holy Spirit.

When I came into the house this evening and saw the multitudes of people here, I felt in my heart, what a testimony this is to the Lord of the integrity of this people, of you, my brethren and sisters, who are connected with the Sunday School work, and of the fathers and mothers that are here with us tonight. What a witness, what evidence, what a testimony to the Lord of your integrity to and love for the Church. You have not come here out of mere curiosity. I believe you have come here in the line of duty, you are here because you are engaged in the work of the Lord, that you have a deep interest in it, and not because there is some curious attraction to draw you here. I congratulate you and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on the manifestation of union, love and devotion to duty that is evinced here tonight by the presence of this vast multitude of people. I thank you for your presence, for the interest that you have taken in this work, and may God bless you and continue to preserve your lives, your faith and your love for the truth, from this time, henceforth and forever, which is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE REYNOLDS.

I take the liberty, as the treasurer of

the Union, to ask the superintendents and all the officers to remember nickel day. I ask you to attend to this matter promptly and faithfully; let the local treasurers be prompt in sending the money collected to the stake treasurers, and let those officers in turn, forward the proper amounts to the general treasurer, at the earliest possible date. We ask but one

donation in the year, and its usefulness is much increased by early remittance.

Singing, by the congregation, "A Parting Hymn."

Benediction by Elder Joseph W. Summerhays.

GEORGE D. PYPER,  
General Secretary.  
F. E. BARKER,  
Stenographer.



## SELECTIONS.

### THE WAY TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

To do the right thing at the right time in the right way.

To do some things better than they were done before.

To eliminate errors.

To know both sides of the question.

To be courteous.

To be an example.

To work for the love of the work.

To anticipate requirements.

To develop resources.

To recognize no impediments.

To master circumstances.

To act from reason rather than rule.

To be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

### PROGRESS WITHOUT PERFECTION.

Progress is simply a moving on toward something better. Every one can do that; yet there are many who make no progress because they think they must either do much or nothing. If today we can better yesterday's record by ever so little, we have progressed; and a persistent, daily progress of that sort is going to bring results that are worth while.

Most of the achievements of history were wrought out in just that way, while other men were sitting idly by wishing that they could do something "big." So in one's own character-building, and in bringing a blessing to others: these works do not call for perfection. "The blessing of helping the world forward," it has been well said "does not wait for perfect men." If our Lord could do what He did with the eleven, there is hope for us,—not hope in us, but hope because of what God can do even with our imperfections.—*Sunday School Times*.

Our lives are very short at best. Why not try to do all the good we can during this lifetime, and not only set a good example to others, but leave the world better than we found it?

Presents of money are not as lasting as words of cheer and encouragement. Love thy neighbor is good law.

Love should rule the world, its influence extend to every home, then all evils would pass away forever.

# OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY  
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## DECEMBER.

December, last to come and last to go,  
Of all the twelve months that make up the  
year,  
Suggests the thought of frost and falling snow,  
Of skating, coasting and bright Christmas  
cheer.

The people everywhere commemorate  
The Savior's birthday on the twenty-fifth:  
The twenty-third the Saints all celebrate  
The birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Years, Nineteen-hundred-five, on Christmas  
morn,  
Since light at Jesus' birth the world shone  
o'er;  
One hundred years since Joseph Smith was  
born,  
Whose mission was Christ's Gospel to re-  
store.



## THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XX.

"Eyes with idle tears are wet,  
Idle habit links us yet,  
Many suns arise and set,  
Many a chance the years beget."

TENNYSON.

**Digit and Jem Get Work. Aunt May Talks With  
Ted. The Party.**



WHEN May and Digit had walked  
a short distance from the gate  
where they left Fawn, the boy  
said,

"Fawn's father and brothers seem to  
be real busy moving plants and digging

up dirt and carrying it about. I wonder  
if I could get to help them, and earn some  
money."

"Perhaps you might," replied May,  
"You can come as far as here with me on  
my way back, and find out. But we will  
hurry on now, as the boys will be wanting  
what you are taking home for their sup-  
per."

As they reached the Zellon place, the  
boys, and even Jem's dog, Frisk, all  
greeted Aunt May with manifest delight,  
before they paid any attention to Digit,  
although he carried the necessities with  
which their hunger was to be appeased.

Aunt May sat down near the bed which  
Ted still occupied most of the time, and  
upon which he was now stretched with a  
book in his hand.

"Why you are growing fleshy, Ted, and  
you are looking fine!" she remarked. "It  
is rather late, but not late enough to hurt  
you, if you wrap up, to come with me for  
a short walk. Have you been out yet?"

"No, not since I was hurt, more than  
three weeks ago," said Ted.

"That's a long time for a boy like you  
to keep still," said Aunt May. "And you  
must begin to exert yourself now, exercise  
your body more and your brain less. How  
are your broken bones and your cuts and  
bruises?"

"All healed up and lost sight of," said  
Ted, rising from the bed, dropping the



book and preparing to walk out with Aunt May. He objected to being muffled up, but had to submit to it, and Aunt May, taking his arm, told him to lean on her if he should feel at all weak in walking. She said she would do the talking, and he must keep his mouth shut and not let the cold air into his lungs, while they were out.

So she interested him by telling him that Dr. Evers said his was a most wonderful case. To find a boy who had knocked about as Ted had, nearly all his life, with a body so entirely free from the poison of tobacco, liquor and other injurious things, was simply marvelous. That was the reason his wounds and hurts were healing so rapidly and so satisfactorily.

Ted waited until they had gone into the house before replying to May's version of the doctor's views. Then he told her that the memory of his father's tragic death, and the words of his mother and the old Scotch lady who had cared for him and Jem for awhile, had made him and his brother afraid to ever touch any of those hurtful, poisonous things.

The other boys were at the table eating supper, when May and Ted re-entered the house and Ted sat down with them and ate with better relish than for some days, declaring that the little walk had done him a world of good.

Aunt May declined an invitation to eat, and called attention to the beautiful flowers Fawn had sent to the invalid and his associates.

"Yes, Aunt May," said Carl, "and isn't it lovely that Digit and Jem are going to a party tomorrow evening, in that pretty, pleasant home where they grow so many flowers?"

"Indeed it is!" said May, "and it is still more lovely that Carl is going, too."

"No!" said Carl, "Ted couldn't be left alone, and I shall have to work."

"Your work will not suffer for one

evening, my little man," said Aunt May. "And I want an evening with Ted, so I'll come and stay with him while the three of you go to the party."

"That'll suit me fine!" said Ted.

"And Digit," Aunt May went on, "now you've finished your supper, you can go part way home with me, as you agreed."

It was growing late, so the maiden and the boy walked rapidly, and soon stood again at the Lotzie's gate. At Digit's request, May went in with him, and they soon learned that for a few days the Lotzies would be very glad to get help in their gardens and among their house plants. They were later than usual with some of their transplanting and other things, and a bright spell of weather just then, made them anxious to get a great deal done in a short time.

Jem was mentioned, and Digit was told to get him to come to work the next day also, if he could. They were each to have two dollars a day, in cash, and their board, if they would work diligently and be interested in getting done what must be done as soon as possible.

Aunt May gave Digit a few more helpful and encouraging hints as they parted, and each went home well satisfied with what had been accomplished.

Early next morning, Digit and Jem both appeared at the home of Judge Lotzie, and both showed willingness and earnestness in all they were given to do, so they got on well all day, and gratefully received their wages at five o'clock in the evening, when they finished work and had supper.

They were very tired, but they had seen, and had even been called to help in arrangements for the party, and they were too much animated over that to give way to weariness.

It did not take them long to get home and ready to go back again with Carl. Aunt May was on hand, prepared to

entertain Ted, so the three young boys went gaily off to "have a good time," as Aunt May told them to do.

Then May settled herself to have a talk with Ted. She first cautiously portrayed to him, as she had done to Digit, that it was neither right nor manly for one person, when able to work, to be housed and fed from the industry and liberality of another. That all should labor for the good of the world, not for self only.

She soon found that she had touched a chord in Teddy's heart that had never before been sounded, and he was deeply moved. He confessed that he was much ashamed of the idleness he had been given to, and hoped in all sincerity that he would soon be able to find suitable employment, and to recompense, as far as possible, all whom he had wronged by his slothfulness. Jemmy, he said, would always be too delicate to work much, and he would naturally have to work for the support of his brother as well as himself. May carefully explained to Teddy, then, the plan she had already settled so satisfactorily with Digit, in which, with the consent of all concerned, Digit was to take Ted home with him, and they two were to be like brothers, while Carl and Jem were to continue on living together and caring for each other.

This suggestion proved too much for Ted in his already mellowed condition. The thought of parting with his little brother, harshly and cruelly as he had often treated him, struck deeply, even to his heart's core, and throwing himself upon the bed, he gave way to a spell of bitter weeping.

Aunt May soothed him tenderly, praised him for his large-heartedness, which she said she had always believed in, but did not give up urging the plan she felt certain would be best for the four boys to work out.

And after a while Ted agreed to it, say-

ing that if, as she thought, it would be best for Jemmy, and he believed it would, he should leave it so, and never say one word against it.

"Does Jemmy know of the arrangement?" he asked rather sadly.

"No," answered May. "I have spoken of it to Digit only, and was to talk to you next, and you being willing, Carl and Jem were last to be consulted."

"It will be all right with both of them, we may be sure," said Ted. "They think everything of each other, and will always get along well together. I don't believe I could think of leaving Jem to anyone else's care only Carl's."

The conversation was here interrupted by the return of the party goers.

And how they told over and over what a splendid time they had all enjoyed.

The party had been given now instead of later, because a little friend who had been visiting Fawn, was going to leave for home the next day. Jem had sung sweeter than ever in his life before, and everyone was charmed with him. Polly Rafton had been so extra kind to Digit that he almost wished he was going to stay in Berryville for Christmas, and would do so only for the loneliness of his mother if he should.

Aunt May said Ted would be tired out with so much talk. Carl and Jem could walk home with her, and Ted and Digit could talk over the new plan now, but Ted must get into bed, where he could be resting.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*L. L. G. R.*

#### THE LETTER-BOX.

*From Over the Sea.*

EDWARD STREET, BURNIE,  
TASMANIA.

President Duckworth and his wife were at our place last Wednesday, and he said

that a letter from Tasmania would interest the Saints in America. We are the only Latter-day Saints about here, the nearest are one hundred and eleven miles away. We lived in Sydney about five years ago. About three minutes walk brings us on to a beautiful beach, and in the summer time we have lots of fun. Elder Duckworth left us two of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTORS and I think they are very nice books. I read the two parts, of the story, "The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville," and I am very sorry I cannot get the other parts. I hope you will put my little letter in print. Thanking you very much.

ROY INNIS.

P. S. Do any other little Saints save up pictorial post cards? I do, and I would like you to send me one, as I have not got any from America.

R. I.

ANSWER.

DEAR ROY:—Your interesting little letter at last finds place in the Letter-box. I take pleasure in sending you two picture post cards from Salt Lake, which I hope you will like. Some of our little friends may notice your request, and send you cards from other places. We shall be pleased to learn more of your country and its inhabitants, especially the children there. With kind love to yourself, President Duckworth and wife, and all our people in Tasmania, I am sincerely your friend,

L. L. GREENE RICHARDS.

#### A Fatal Accident.

FRUITLAND, N. M.

I will tell you of a sad accident that happened here. Sister Mary Taylor was coming from Kirtland to Fruitland. While the team was coming down a hill the neck-yoke came down. Sister Taylor was thrown from the carriage on her head. She only lived a little while. Her

grave was lined with brick and plastered white. She was a good woman and we all miss her very much. I hope we shall all be good to her little children. My papa died when I was eighteen months old. Mama has been sick all summer. I am nine years old.

HATTIE VILATE ROBERTS.

✍

#### Badly Hurt.

TROPIC, UTAH.

My aunt takes the JUVENILE and I love to read it. Sister Sarah Ahlstrom is our Primary President, and my mama is First Counselor. I love my teachers in Sunday School and Primary. I am ten years old now. When I was two years old I had my feet mashed quite badly, by a wagon running over me.

TABITHA ADAIR.

Will Tabitha please tell us something about Tropic, the place she lives in, and whether she is still afflicted from the hurt which her feet received?

ED.

✍

#### Three Letters from Summit.

UPTON, SUMMIT CO., UTAH.

I have never written to the Letter-Box, and I thought I would write a few lines. I have a gray horse and his name is Bollie. I have to ride him after the cows and horses. My papa is the mail carrier here. I am twelve years old.

LESSIE RAY FEWKES.

✍

This is my first letter. We live just across the road from the meetinghouse, so I almost always go to Sunday School and Primary. Mama is my Sunday School teacher. I have a horse and saddle. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and I love to have mama read to me from it. Papa moved our house two years ago. It



looked very funny to see a house move. I am 9 years old.

CLIFFORD JOHNSTON.

I have been thinking about writing to the Letter-box for a long time. I enjoy reading the little letters very much. We live three miles from our Sunday School. I like to go, and I like my teachers. My ma has been very sick with rheumatism. We called the elders in, they administered to her, and she is getting along all right. I am ten years old.

LEVERNY FEWKES.

#### Answer and Charade.

SHARON, IDAHO.

DEAR SUSANNAH:—I have been interested in your charade that was in the JUVENILE for Oct. 15, and have found pleasure in working out the answer to it. I think the name of your "great naval hero" is John Paul Jones. I have a charade, too, for some of the children to guess. Here it is.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 1, 11, 2, 12 is something we all should do.

My 8, 9, 10 is something most farmer's raise.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is something a boy loves to play.

My whole is the name of an orator in the time of the American Revolution.

LIBBIE NEIBOUR,

Age 12 years.

#### Why not Subscribe?

PINE GROVE, ELGIN, OREGON.

We do not take the JUVENILE, but I have read some of the little letters, and like them very much. On the first of October we had a Primary and a Young Ladies' Association organized here. I attend the meetings of both and enjoy them

very much. Our ward, Pine Grove, is small but it is growing. CECIL BOSWELL.

#### A Good Memory Gem.

SALEM, IDAHO.

I am eight years old. I go to Sunday School and Primary and Religion class. We are building a new meetinghouse. I go to day school. Our teachers are very good. Here are some lines that I like.

"Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy,  
Like the Heaven above."

ANDREW M. ANDERSON,

#### THE HOUSE IN THE ORCHARD.

In a corner of the orchard,  
High up in an apple tree,  
There is a tiny house now vacant,  
Where once dwelt birdies wee.

When the tree was bright with blossoms,  
There came to it one day  
Two happy, sweet-voiced lovers,  
To pass the summer away.

By them was the house there builded—  
A model little nest;  
And in a few short weeks the pair  
Were with three babies blest.

These lovers were then as happy  
As birdies e'er can be,  
Until their babes grew old enough  
To hop about the tree.

The parents then grew frigtened,  
And told their children small  
If birdies left home too early,  
That evil would them befall.

The babes heeded not the warning,  
The world to them looked so fair.  
The parent birds returned one night,  
And found them no longer there.

They frantically searched and called them;  
But their search was all in vain;  
The children who disobeyed them  
They never saw again.

And so the house in the orchard,  
High up in the apple tree,  
Is left alone—deserted—  
A lesson for you and me

Grace Ingles Frost.



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